

HILLTOP VIEWS

IN NORTH BRANCO





Class PS 3531

Book E 223 H 5

Copyright N^o 1922

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

HILLTOP VIEWS

By
LISTON HOUSTON PEARCE



THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

PS3531
E223H5
1922

Copyright, 1922, by
LISTON HOUSTON PEARCE



Printed in the United States of America

NOV 16 '22

© C1A690157

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
AN APPRECIATION	9
A FOREWORD	11
A SHIPWRECK	15
PERSONALITY IN THE PULPIT	20
A STRANGE LOSS OF MEMORY	24
THE GAME OF TEETER-TOTTER	27
THE GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE	30
ADVENTURES IN AMITY	36
HOSPITAL ADVENTURES	43
A DAY WITH MY BIRDS	50
MY LADY HUMMING-BIRD	55
A MIDNIGHT BAPTISM	60
A GUERILLA TRAGEDY	63
A WEIRD NIGHT	67
TOM ODLEY	71
BEDOUIN ROBBERS	76
THE PITY OF IT	81
CAUGHT IN THE ACT	83
THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA	85
ALONG THE DANUBE	92
GONE, BUT NOT LOST	95
SENATORIAL FISTICUFFS	100
A STORM ON GALILEE	104
A POSTWORD—LOVE DREAMS AMONG THE EIGHTIES	108

INTRODUCTION

GROWING old beautifully, like apples becoming more beautiful as they ripen and taking on the colors and luscious flavor that sun and rain impart and which make the fruit fit for the Master's use—such has been and is the type of old age that finds outlet for thoughts and memories and dreams in this book.

An editor by profession and taste, a lifelong familiarity with literature, a facile pen that readily served the fertile imagination of an accomplished limner, a gentleness of spirit that won and held in lasting grip the hearts of a multitude of friends, a traveler in far foreign lands, a preacher of eloquence was the man whose heart and soul find expression in these reminiscences.

Dr. Pearce was for several years the editor of the Baltimore Methodist, later for many more of the Northern Christian Advocate, at Syracuse, and for one session editor of the General Conference Daily Christian Advocate, at Baltimore. He is the author of a book of travel which sets forth with interesting style and vivid clearness

his journeys in the East, to which experiences he briefly refers in these pages.

For the fellowship and sympathetic converse the years we spent together in the genial climate of Florida were notable. When the kind-hearted, gracious old man reached the time when feebleness of body put a stop to his annual migrations in the effort to escape the boisterous attentions of Jack Frost, I never ceased to sadly miss the companionship of my chum. In vivid memory of the heart-to-heart conversations over our breakfast and tea table, I seemed to call back my gentle friend to his old room which I occupied after he ceased to do so. I could only partially make up for the loss of his presence by frequent correspondence.

He refers to what we playfully called my Dream House and to his Dream Book, both now happily materialized. The book speaks for itself and is before the reader, but between the lines his old friends will note the phantom words and voices that are sweet to the memory and expressive of an affection that will never die.

If the four score years be "labor and sorrow," as the wise man saith, nevertheless my dear friend Liston H. Pearce knew how to mingle

sunshine and good fellowship with the pains and shadows that seem to be inevitable in old age. While abiding at this writing within the kindly shelter of the Hospital of the Good Shepherd, he will find in experience the truth that it is possible to make last days best days. Home or hospital may be to him and to me a true Beulah Land where weary pilgrims, within faith-view of the shining gates of The City, await the welcome call of the Master of life saying, "It is enough, come up higher." Then shall dreams of homes and books become fruitions in the land where "We shall see Him face to face."

CARLTON C. WILBOR.

Elma, New York.

AN APPRECIATION

DOCTOR PEARCE is at home on the heights. Figuratively, he has spent much of his life on Overlook Mountain, aspirant of high altitudes with their pure air, far horizons, and comprehensive views. Bishop Henry W. Warren had a similar ambition to "put all things under his feet"—physically, mentally, spiritually. To excite my envy, he wrote me exultantly from the top of Pike's Peak, Colorado, and Popocatepetl, Mexico, and the Swiss Matterhorn, from which in 1873 he and I, half-way up, were driven back by a storm. From all those hilltops my comrade of many climbs and tramps teased me with "Don't you wish you were here?"

In this book, written from life's Overlook, Dr. Pearce tells us what he has seen and sees from the hilltops of the world, from Morning Side Heights. He calls to us: "Come on up! The views are fine." So I have found them, looking through his clear, illumined eyes. I urge others to take a look through his binoculars, while I hear him saying, as Robert Browning to his Elizabeth, "Other heights in other lives, God willing."

WILLIAM V. KELLEY.



A FOREWORD

THE lure and fascination of an old man's life is *reminiscence*. That is the golden El Dorado in which he lives and through which he roams at will. It is the completed and unalterable realm of experience and realism that holds him with a resistless charm, whether it gladdens or saddens. This realm of personal experience and historic reality is his inheritance and will either ever gladden him with great joy as he has lived nobly or forever sadden him as he has lived basely.

If an old man chances to be keyed to the imaginative or spirituelle, he will likely often embellish the reminiscent life in which he now tarries for transportation, by dreaming dreams, weaving phantasms, picturing visionary scenes or, maybe, writing romances, or fairy stories. This is not the solid realism of reminiscence but the pure fiction of the imagination; but this is not the purpose of this "old fellow" as he puts forth this modest little book.

Some fifteen years ago Ray Stannard Baker (whose pen name is "David Grayson") wrote a

great book, *Adventures in Contentment*, a splendid epic of simple life close to the bosom of Mother Nature. It caught the popular heart. (He has followed it by several other books of like spirit and high mission.) But it is a volume of imagination, save as the author weaves into it lessons, views, and incidents that have come to him through his own personal experience and observation. But the story he creates he tells so cleverly that his readers, by the thousand, surely believe that he is here relating faithfully the reminiscences of the life that he so felicitously describes, but never lived at all, except in thought. That for years he lived a quiet, care-free life in supreme contentment on a little farm is simply a splendid creation of his imagination. This unique and eminent writer has spent his mature life in the midst of the roar and conflict of great cities and the achievements of a strenuous career.

Now, the reminiscence of an old man is history, not story; fact, not fiction; stereotyped copy, not copy that can be changed. The recording angel has it written in his changeless book of remembrance.

It was several years ago that the writer of this Foreword reached the serene heights of the

eighties and retired from the ranks of the world workers and now has consented to sweep up some of the crumbs that chance to lie in the long and changeful way of his very ordinary life. His cheerful hope is that this little book of varied reminiscences may be so produced that it shall beguile the tedium of many an aged man or woman while waiting for the Pilot, afford diversion for the suffering shut-in, light reading for vacation hours, and make an attractive gift book for the holiday seasons.

LISTON HOUSTON PEARCE.

Syracuse, New York.

A SHIPWRECK

ABOUT sixty years ago there seemed to be a period of great disasters on Lake Michigan. On the shore of that splendid lake, twelve miles from the center of Chicago, lay the classic little town of Evanston, where lifted the spreading walls of the Northwestern University and of the Garrett Biblical Institute. Here, one memorable night in 1860, when the wind blew strongly and the breakers rolled fearfully, four hundred excursionists, out from Chicago and bound for Milwaukee, on the steamer Lady Elgin, colliding with a schooner, were thrown into those angry waters near the coast at Evanston. What deeds of heroism and love the students there did that night in saving men, women, and children from the tempestuous surf has been celebrated in oratory, story, and song.

But I am to tell you of the loss of the bark, Storm, off the same coast about the same time, when I was of the student body of the same college town.

It was Tuesday, May 10, 1864. A steady,

heavy wind had been blowing all night. On going to my breakfast I learned that a vessel was being driven toward the shore opposite the village. Without taking anything to eat I ran to the lake shore and saw a bark, loaded with lumber, with her masts down and floating at her sides, driven by the strong winds while the tempestuous surf waters frequently broke over her. She was near enough for us to see somewhat plainly five men on her cabin deck. A number of other vessels were in sight, one of them flying a signal of distress. Crowds of people were gathering on the shore, the number increasing for hours. The disabled boat continued to slowly drift at an oblique angle toward the shore. About nine o'clock one of the five men disappeared and the others signaled that he was dead. By and by, we missed two more, but after a time they appeared again, evidently having been down in the water-logged cabin to escape the furious winds. Finally, about twelve o'clock the vessel struck on a sandbar, two miles and a half from Evanston toward Chicago, and was held fast. She was yet too far off shore for us to speak to her even if there had been no roar of the waves and winds. We, therefore, procured a large,

long board and wrote on it in large, black letters: "Sent to Chicago for lifeboat." The men on the vessel would probably perish before any boat could reach them from Chicago.

Hundreds of people were now crowding the shore watching the vessel, but apparently helpless to save them. Some of the students used to these heavy surf waters (and many of them had wrought heroic wonders at the wreck of the *Lady Elgin*) thought of attempting to swim to this boat with a line. But old seamen in the crowd assured us that no man could survive such an attempt, with the water almost at freezing point and a furiously cold wind blowing. But one of our number, Joseph C. Hartzell, now Bishop Hartzell, bravely resolved to make the venture and could not be dissuaded. Having procured a rope and fastening one end of it to his body, he with some of his mates went several rods up the lake so as to get the advantage in a battle out to sea before he should come abreast of the stranded bark, he started in. I followed him part way out with my hand on the line as it was played out from the shore so as to save Hartzell as much as possible from being drawn down or back by the heavy sag of the rope and the pull of the

breakers on it. My part was comparatively easy and without any special danger. I planted my feet the best I could in the sand and allowed the breakers to roll over me as I struggled to hold the rope in place. Hartzell rose on the billows or dove under them and by desperate efforts kept swimming out. As he approached the vessel there was imminent danger that he would be dashed to death against the masts that were floating at her side and pounding upon her, or drawn under her. He succeeded in seizing hold of a spar and by throwing his legs and arms about it, he slowly worked his way toward the boat, but this was a desperate experience, for with every roll of the sea the spar went perhaps a dozen feet beneath the water, carrying Hartzell with it. With every such roll we thought he was lost, but every time he came up, clinging to the mast, still clinging as he went a dozen feet into the air. Thus, almost inch by inch, he crept on till he reached the side of the vessel, where he seized dangling ropes by which the crew succeeded in bringing him to the reeling deck, carrying the line on his body. A wild applause by the crowd on the shore rang out on the air when the daring feat was achieved.

Hartzell drew in the rope that was tied to the lighter line that he carried out and made it fast to the railing of the cabin next the shore. One after another of the crew slid down the rope hand over hand into the tossing waters, and holding to it, worked his way toward the shore. Each one of the crew on reaching the point where I held the rope well out from the shore, fell like a dead man and was carried by willing hands of those who rushed into the waters. Hartzell had refused to start back from the vessel till the imperiled men had left the wreck. When he finally reached us, he too, like the others, now that the strain of the effort was over, collapsed and would have fallen to the bottom but for the hands that seized him as the people shouted: "Save Hartzell! Save Hartzell!" and bore him to the shore. When they put him down on the shore, more than a thousand voices rent the air with loud huzzahs for the young man who had so heroically risked his life for others.

What he did so bravely that wild day of storm he has as gloriously done for saving the dark continent of Africa.

PERSONALITY IN THE PULPIT

SOME ministers use personalities in the pulpit. It is execrable taste, always cowardly and sometimes dangerous. To single out from the pulpit individuals in the congregation or community and criticize them or hold up their misdoings so that they or those present know to whom personal reference is made is seldom even excusable. If the writer ever did that, he was cured of it by an incident in which he innocently transgressed.

It was a long time ago, I should say thirty-five years ago, but the event seems as vivid, now that I am in a reminiscent mood, as though it had been only yesterday. I was having a few weeks of delicious vacation in a quiet part of southern Tennessee. To the south were the mountains of northern Georgia and to the north a stretch of three miles of unbroken woods. I was busy with some tinkering which I was doing in a little forsaken shanty by the road. By and by the wonted stillness of the place was broken by the faint sound of unearthly hallooing and profanity in the woods.

The sound continued to grow nearer and louder till I saw two half-drunken men emerge from the big woods along the road carrying carpet-bags. They apparently were tramps wild with apple jack whisky. I noted that one had very black hair and the other was red-headed. When they had passed without entering the lone farmhouse where the family of the actor in this story was staying, I resumed work in the shanty, reflecting upon the wickedness of men in general and these two tramps in particular. The next morning I drove several miles away to preach at a country church for the circuit preacher. For company I took with me a little girl who is now the wife of a well-known pastor in the North. In the course of the sermon I had occasion to contrast the opposite extremities to which men and women come in this life. For the first illustration I cited the case of a lovely woman in Baltimore whose life was beautiful in deeds of charity and love; for the second, I spoke of the two drunken tramps who came the day before through the woods. I was in the midst of a very powerful delineation of them and their vile conduct when I suddenly saw them sitting together in the very middle of the congregation, and they

had recognized the portraiture and were in a state of agitation. The red-headed man enjoyed the situation immensely, for his face was wreathed in suppressed laughter; but the other man was alarmingly serious over the matter. His eyes flashed in anger, and it was easy for the man in the pulpit to imagine that this Southerner's hand was reaching for his hip pocket—for you must remember that it was Ku Klux times in the South and the preacher was a Northern Yankee. It was a critical moment. The sudden recognition of the men and the dangerous look of one of them caused me to tone down the unfinished illustration. I said, after all they might not have been such bad men. We must not judge others, etc.

The sermon concluded and the services ended, what must be done? The two men—now evidently citizens of that neighborhood—had remained, perhaps for an interview. They simply stood up where they had been sitting and waited. Something heroic must be done; so, smiling as best I could, I shook hands with the people in the aisle till I reached the two men, and, entering the seat next to where they stood, I saw they did not extend their hands, as others of the people were doing; but I paid

no attention to it and took their hands as they hung at their sides. The red-headed man continued his tactics of laughing and the other looked dangerously like striking. Neither spoke a word, perhaps owing to the rattle of words from the alarmed preacher, who hastened out to his buggy with the little girl and made one of the quickest seven miles of his life, while looking back perhaps a hundred times every hundred yards or more.

That experience cured this preacher of using personalities in the pulpit—and also made him a more cautious editor.

A STRANGE LOSS OF MEMORY

SOME time ago someone sent me a picture of the old First Church at Battle Creek, Michigan. What memories that picture awakened! I was once a pastor there, and had the joy of receiving into the church during one winter's meeting two hundred members. Some scenes of that winter come back to me as vividly as though it were yesterday. How well I remember a certain Sunday night! A large audience had crowded to hear Mrs. Mary C. Nind, of saintly life, beautiful character, and tender heart. She had taken for her text, "What shall I do then with Jesus who is called Christ?" She had spoken ten minutes in her solemn and impressive way, and the audience was giving breathless attention, when someone in the hallway below cried, "Fire!" The entire audience arose instantly and started to move toward the broad, open stairways—perfect death traps in case of a panic. I saw the dreadful peril. After that I remembered absolutely nothing till I became conscious that I was standing at the side of Mrs. Nind, speaking to

the people. When the services ended I was amazed to be told that, at the cry of fire, I had sprung to the front of the platform and yelled and pounded and stamped like a madman, commanding the audience to halt and sit down, and finally succeeded. Then sending out the chief of the fire department, who was one of the ushers, to report the cause of the cry, I proceeded to lecture the people about panics. I have never had the least memory of what transpired during the ten minutes of that intense excitement. During it all, Mrs. Nind stood calmly with her hand on the pulpit, and when it was over she resumed her sermon. Whether someone maliciously raised the cry of fire or only wanted to see the fun of the people rushing madly to a false alarm, no one seemed to know; but it is certain that a dreadful panic was only narrowly averted that memorable night, for, as it was, some of the excited folks reached the bottom of the stairs in their mad rush to get out.

A similar mental phenomenon happened to me several years ago. I was in Los Angeles, California, and was taking a morning walk alone. I chanced to be looking with interest at a young girl, perhaps fourteen years of age,

who was riding her horse with much grace along the broad, quiet street. A carpenter, not far away, threw one plank upon another, making a report like that of a pistol, which caused the horse to spring wildly aside, throwing the girl over backward. That much I remember and nothing more till I regained my senses and found I was holding the horse and questioning the girl about her injuries, if any. It seemed the girl held fast to the reins and fell in front of the horse and was in danger of being trampled to death, but strangely escaped being hurt. Thus, on these two occasions of interest, memory seems to have made for me no record of what I said or did. Here is an interesting study in psychology.

THE GAME OF TEETER-TOTTER

ONE day a man whom I knew intimately wrote a letter to his absent wife which I chanced to read. As nearly as I can recall it ran thus: "Did you ever play teeter when you were a little girl? I am sure you did, and how I wish I had known you then and played that game with the sweet little girl that I am sure you were. Well, I have lots of fun these days playing teeter. One day I find myself going down, down, down till I think I can't hold onto the plank any longer, but I just stick on and laugh. Then in a day or two I go up, up, up till I am up, way up into the sky of bright hopes and exultation; and, of course, then I am in high glee, but the first thing I know I am going down, down again, and I get splinters in my hands trying to hold on, and so the gay old game goes on and it is great fun. What jounces I get, but I won't get mad or jump off; if I did, that would stop the fun of life, and someone on the other end of the board might be badly hurt, and that might be you. So, sweetheart, I keep teetering away

and have a good time in the ups and downs—in the hard knocks and jolly jolts I get.”

Now, I like the philosophy and Christianity of that letter. It smacks of the true heroism of life. As we study this letter we see that there are two splendid lessons which it teaches. The first is that in the big teeter game of life the great thing is to hold on. No matter whether one is going up or down he should cling to the plank. If he is sweeping down, there is no telling at what moment he may start up again. No matter how steep the plank is or how many splinters dig into his hands, the very best thing to do is to hold on. The men who hang on are the world's masters—not the men of big brains or of great gifts, or of splendid opportunities, or of hosts of friends; but the men who have the grit or the grace or the sense—or whatever it is—to hang on. It is Palissy, the potter, half starved, but throwing his last chair into the furnace; it is Columbus holding the prow of his vessel toward the West over a trackless, unexplored ocean while his men are on the verge of mutiny; it is Grant fighting it out on that line though it takes all summer; it is Peary returning again and again to his quest in Arctic frozen desolations with the lure of the pole in

his blood for thirty years; indeed, it is every man who wins in his battle of life, in his little or great sphere.

The second splendid lesson which my friend's love letter to his wife teaches is that in the teeter-totter of life one must throw himself into the big game joyfully. To do any other way is a large mistake. The game, of course, is a serious thing, but to play it with anything but good cheer and a glad voice makes one a nuisance to other folks and himself. To be in a constant giggle is, of course, brainless and silly, and a craze for sport is degrading—and there is a deal of it among people these days; but to be cheerful and carry a bright face and speak pleasant words is a beautiful and holy thing. Out on a man who is always serious or solemn or cross! There is almost no jolt of the teeter, no experience in life that justifies that. It is bad financially. We don't want to trade with a man who never smiles or who talks even on business matters mechanically and without affability. People like sunshine, and nothing works such wonders as does sunshine. It is Paul taking joyfully the spoiling of his goods and saying, "We are exceeding joyful in all our tribulations."

THE GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE

RESURGAM

By RALPH E. PEARCE

Baltimore, thou art desolate!

Thy treasure scattered and thy walls o'er-
thrown;

Night broods upon thy ruins,

Deeper night dwells in thy smoking palaces
of stone.

Yet, thou art rich; thy treasures lie

Secure, unscorched by fire; thy sons are men,
And underneath thy wide blue sky

Thy former glories shall return.

God of our Fathers, thou hast made

Men greater than the things their hands
have wrought;

We call thee mighty, grant us aid

To profit by the lessons thou hast taught.

ONE of the most memorable events of my
life was connected with the Baltimore
fire of 1904. I had been elected editor
of the Baltimore Methodist, and took charge of

the paper January 1, 1904. The seventh story of the splendid Law Building of the city was secured as new editorial rooms, and fitted up with great pleasure and high hopes. The fire came February 7, and left me almost broken-hearted, but not broken-spirited. Let me place here my reminiscence of those hours of trial in the form of my editorial written while the fire was still smoldering.

"A most appalling scene spreads out before our eyes. The roaring, crackling conflagration that started Sunday noon, February 7, in the heart of the business section of the city, has swept on leaving in its wake widespread ruin and desolation, till now and at this writing, Monday night, the city is still burning. Before this slower going weekly reaches our readers, the fleetfooted dailies will have told the story of this measureless calamity. It has been a scene of indescribable grandeur and awfulness. In extent and cost it will probably exceed the Chicago fire of 1873. All the great newspaper buildings have perished. The most splendid business houses and blocks have been swept out of existence or remain only as blackened and tottering ruins. The magnificent structures in which the great banks and trust companies of

the city have kept their untold wealth have shared in this common ruin, as have the principal warehouses and shipping docks, and countless homes especially of the poorer people. How stubbornly the brave firemen of the city have worked with almost superhuman courage and endurance to stop the progress of the conflagration; how the surrounding country and cities have sent instant help in engines, firemen, and policemen; how the burning and contiguous districts have been put under martial law, while the militia and regulars are on duty to protect the property and guard the lives of the citizens against the vast number of thieves and hoodlums who seem to have come from every whither; what great buildings are being blown up; how the drinking places have been tightly closed, and sobriety and order are maintained, though the streets are packed with people eager to witness the awful scenes—have not all these things and many others been told you by the dailies that you have eagerly sought and eagerly read?

“Let us now talk a little of the outlook of the Baltimore Methodist. Well, our beautiful Law Building is gone, and with it the editorial apartments that with so much care, pride, and

expense, we had fitted up, and about all the material possessions of the company—the accumulations of twenty-five years—are in ashes. Our safe fell nine stories, and with scores of others lies in the hot embers, whether with contents intact we cannot tell. How long and hard we tried to save that building, and time and again we thought we had done it! The scene from the roof was simply sublime. The sparks fell like millions of burning meteors, and brands hissed through the air and bounded on the iron roofing.

“Our building first caught about six o’clock and caught on our floor, it being the topmost. We entered the little room that seemed to be afire with a pail of water, but though the electric light was burning, we could not see one yard before us, so dense was the smoke. We vainly sought the fire till about suffocated, when we stumbled back, narrowly losing our way. By that time the assistant editor had secured the building hose from the roof, and, with a wet towel over his face, went into the room and stayed so long that we feared he had perished. At last the room was cleared of fire and smoke. We then addressed ourselves to carrying down some of our most valuable

things. The elevators could not be run till the very last, and to climb up and down the crowded stairways seven flights was next to impossible. Unable to get a wagon for love or money, we carried a few of our valuables a little distance out of the apparent track of the fire, and by and by moved part of them farther away, but went back to do what we could to save the building. The fight continued from the first catching at six o'clock till about 11 P. M., when in utter glee of victory the fire king shook his hands of flame from every window and shouted his exultant triumph with crackling voice from the lofty roof. We are cast down, but, thank God, not destroyed. Through the kindly offer of Dr. Tagg, editor of the Methodist Protestant, we have a place for the present in his finely fitted office, 316 North Charles Street.

“Whether we are crippled beyond recovery cannot now be told. The paper in its new form had received so many hearty commendations, and the business outlook was so encouraging, that we were hopeful that this organ of the old, numerous, and influential Baltimore Conference would now take the rank and exert the influence expected of a paper of such a constituency. Our loss in the advertising department must be

serious, and in many other respects. The expense of refitting an office after the late outlay we can hardly bear. The brethren who have stood so nobly back of the Methodist when it did not pay, and met the bills, are, some of them, if not all, heavy personal losers by the fire. . . . It would mean great things to us to have a letter from each of you. Baltimore Methodism owes it to itself to meet this emergency."

ADVENTURES IN AMITY

THE most paradoxical thing of the Christian centuries is the animosity that has existed between Christian bodies in the world. Proclaiming the sublime duty of love to each other, even love to one's enemies, writing upon the loftiest banners of Christian faith the words of Jesus Christ, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," nevertheless, Christian people, in stupendous numbers, as the centuries have rolled by have hated and despised and often drenched the earth with each other's blood. Even in this great day there are startling signs of religious animosity, which once aroused, would parallel the late World War in rancor and blood. It is surely not a time for recanting or surrendering our tenets of religious faith, but it is a time for holding them *in amity*, and so trying to bring them into the court of reason and love, with justice in the throne.

With this preliminary glance at a lamentable, if not perilous, situation, I submit these ad-

ventures in amity by way of three reminiscences.

First, one Sunday morning, several years ago, Cardinal Gibbons was escorted by a cavalcade of horsemen in regal entourage to some high church service in an adjoining community. The periodical of which I chanced to be editor spoke somewhat critically of that event. To this the Catholic Mirror replied: "Can you say any good thing about the Catholic Church? If you can, we wish we knew what it is." To this, my paper replied: "Most cheerfully will we take up this challenge of the Mirror, and in no 'negative fashion,' either. We shall name things which meet and merit our strong and positive approval. We shall do this with the utmost sincerity and in words containing no trace of criticism, jealousy, or bigotry. If we should follow the list that we may name with the mention of other things in the Catholic Church that we cannot approve (which we probably shall not do), we should do so in language entirely devoid of bitterness and harshness. The times are too perilous and the enemies of our common Lord are too many and too dangerous for us to discuss our differences as variant Christian believers in anything but dispassionate and

charitable words. Many sad and deplorable things have been said and done, especially in the heat of religious strife—said and done in the name of Protestantism as well as Catholicism—which caution us to tread softly and speak with the least possible censure when we talk of each other. Cardinal Gibbons well said in his Cathedral sermon last Sunday, ‘Censure is a common and cheap commodity.’ ”

The following are some of the things in the Catholic Church which we discussed editorially, and approved without criticism and in the spirit of amity: The sanctity of the marriage covenant; the especial care of childhood in the church; the open house of prayer; and the sacredness of church buildings dedicated to worship. These brief editorials touching things we like received no little attention and strong commendation from Catholic and Protestant papers. For instance, the Catholic Mirror published the first article entire, calling it “a fair and square editorial by a Protestant contemporary.” The Ave Maria repeated most of the same article, pronouncing its strong approval and high appreciation of the editors.

Thus the first adventure registers the high

rank and glorious beauty of amity between Christian communions.

Second: Some years later, when the writer was editor of the Northern Christian Advocate, a letter came to that paper speaking in very bitter words of an article that had there appeared. The first impulse was to answer it in the spirit in which it was sent. But a different course was taken. A personal letter was sent to this Catholic brother, saying that it would be better for us to discuss our differences in a calm and amicable spirit, without bitterness or rancor. He replied promptly that he too thought that would be the better way.

The result was he came to the office, had a friendly meeting, and we mutually agreed that I should take up the discussion of questions involved, and that he should give the Catholic view, while the editor should reply to each article as he should see fit, but neither of us should fail to use words of candor and amity. The discussion ran through several months of the paper, and, perhaps with one single exception, in every article we kept faith with each other in our promise.

Here again the voice of amity pleads the right of way in the Church.

Third: Austria held high rank as one of the great Catholic countries of the world till the all-grasping German Empire went down in the World War and carried Austria with it; not that church and state were united, for they were not, but because the people were overwhelmingly Catholic, and the splendor and affluence of the papal church were preeminently great.

It was during this period of prosperity and power (1886) that I had several memorable days in the brilliant city of Vienna, and took great pleasure and paid most worshipful devotion in the Saint Stephen's Church in Vienna. I had gone on Sunday morning with friends to see the resplendent church and hear the wonderful music. After my friends had retired from the church I remained for two full hours in worship as sincere and spiritual as I ever paid at any Protestant shrine. I put aside all thought of any inharmony with, or opposition to, or criticism of the people in whose splendid temple I worshiped the great name of my Divine Master and theirs. The glorious singing that voiced the joy and praise of the infinite

God was so tender and sweet that it touched my heart, and often during those two hours I found my eyes filled with tears of joy and gladness. Had I known the ritual, or could I have spoken the language, my voice would have blended with theirs. In all parts of the great building the people sang the praises of God in responsive measures. The choral music of that morning, the antiphonal singing, the Gregorian chants filled my spirit with solemn pathos and holy peace, even as their strains filled the great arches above my head. It had a world of meaning to me that the supreme note in this almost seraphic music is in praise of our adorable Lord and Master, and that the beginning and end and meaning of that great Cathedral church building is to every enlightened, pious heart to proclaim the supreme greatness and glory of the cross.

If in those hours of worship that day in Saint Stephen's anything to disturb obtruded itself upon me, it was the sad thought that so many in that place, and in every large assembly of Christian believers, whatever their communion, so sadly fail of the true spiritual meaning of Christ's kingdom. We are likely to forget the topmost and bottommost of all things,

namely, that soul-building is the climax, and that there can be no soul-building without the supremacy of love, the center of the cross; for love is the fulfilling of the law, human and divine, and "God is love."

Our three adventures in amity plead anew for Christ's kingdom of love.

HOSPITAL ADVENTURES

ON October 21, 1886, I met at Marseilles, France, a delightful company of tourists from Nashville, Tennessee, who were intent upon a month or two of travel in Egypt and the Holy Land. The next day I hastened to join this company on board of the good steamer *The Sindh*, as she moved out of the harbor at Marseilles into the Mediterranean Sea for a five days' trip to Alexandria, Egypt. As I was about to take ship a little scene transpired that the many years that have come and gone have left still vividly in mind. I had taken a carriage to the dock, and noticed that several able-bodied men were following the carriage though it was driven at a rapid gait. I knew this was a common sight especially in southern France, for swarms of poor, half-starved-looking men crowded along the streets at the depots and steamer landings, in search of work. This would make almost anyone miserable, if he would allow it. Some of these would often run long distances through the streets beside a carriage till they looked as if they would drop

down from exhaustion, and this in hope of carrying a grip or valise into a depot or boat. I was followed in this way onto the vessel and when I handed the poor fellow who had at last carried my luggage a few steps twice as much pay as he expected, and five times as much as he had earned, he almost threw it on the ground in disgust that I should have given him so little. He moaned piteously and held out the money as though I ought to be ashamed to offer such a pittance to him. There were two impulses which in alternation wrought on my inner nature as that man continued to follow me. One was to give him the full benefit of my pent-up disgust; the other was to give him my pocket-book with its contents. At this moment of calm reflection I am glad to say that I did neither of these things, but, keeping my resolution to be a first-class traveler, I simply laughed at the comical performance until it was over.

As I sat on the deck of the steamer the first evening out, not only was there something resplendent in the whole scene, but when the disk of the sun, which seemed marvelously large and of strangely mellow light, touched the surface of the green sea, it slipped down into the water with a visible motion, as when the moon some-

times seems to slip quickly into a dark cloud, and was out of sight in a moment of time. About this time I felt the first ominous twinges of pain that sent me to my stateroom, there to remain the rest of the voyage.

To have sickness and hospitals injected into my glowing plans for jaunting in Egypt and Palestine were as undesired as they were unexpected. Four physicians, including the ship's doctor (who could not talk English, while I could not speak French) gave faithful attention and counsel during the rest of the five days of the voyage across the Mediterranean. But, finding one of them was Dr. R. W. Brigstock, the English physician of long standing at Beyrout, I asked him to take charge, and he did, never remitting his attentions day or night until he had brought me in person to the most excellent hospital at Alexandria. For a friend in need, give me an Englishman!

Among the compensations for this distressing illness are valued friends whom otherwise I would never have known: Mr. Cookson, the English consul at Cairo, who came to me at all hours; Dr. Sidney Davis, of the English army and on duty at Cairo; Judge Darringer, of the International Courts of Egypt, who called

frequently on me; and S. C. Ewing, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

This hospital at Alexandria is a blessed providence of God to a sick man, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Away from the tender mercies of his own home, he could hardly imagine a safer, sweeter shelter on earth. Think of such an institution "away down Egyptland"! Peace to the ashes of the saintly old Lutheran pastor who, under God, became the founder of this chain of Deaconess Hospitals! Multitudes have risen to call him blessed. These sweet-faced, white-capped Lutheran nurses are indeed sisters of mercy. They are under no vows, but are trained for their mission, and do their work for Christ's sake and for suffering humanity. This particular institution is located in the suburbs of Alexandria. The building is large and firmly built, with broad, clean halls, and rooms and wards for various classes of patients, and ample, breezy balconies, and large beautiful gardens with lovely walks among trees and shrubbery and flowerbeds.

Let me name the usual order of events for each day in the hospital here. At daybreak my

Swiss male nurse (poor fellow, he is soon to be married, and to the girl he loves, but he goes about as though he were wrapped in deep and solemn thought, and looks like a man doomed to die. I wished he were not going to be married, for he was so absent-minded. One day he put me into a sitz bath, and went out for a moment, but forgot me and stayed about an hour. You may imagine my state of mind, and his too, when at last he came running in as though the room were on fire)—well, as I was saying, John comes in about daybreak, and puts out the night lamp, looks after the ventilation, and sees if I am needing anything. An hour later he comes again and gives the room a pretty thorough sweeping, brushing, and airing. Then comes a most welcome visitor, Sister Mary, my regular nurse, carrying a tray of food, skillfully prepared to tempt a sick man's appetite, contained in pretty dishes scrupulously clean. She cannot speak English, but knows just what to do. Washed, combed, I address myself to the food, while she slips out and brings me from the garden a bouquet of lovely flowers that looks at me and talks sweetly to me all the day. While I am in my ecstasy over the flowers, Sister Barbery, the sister superior, quietly enters to

bid me good morning, ask me how I am, and say a few cheery words, for she speaks good English. About nine o'clock I hold a reception; that is, I entertain a company, or, rather, that resolute, kind-hearted, fine looking Scotchman, Dr. McKey, the physician in charge, enters, followed by the sister superior, the dispensary clerk, Sister Mary, and John. I give an account of myself to the doctor, and the rest of the company tell him all they know about my conduct for the preceding twenty-four hours. He gives directions for the day, and the dispensary sister notes them down in her book. The reception does not last long, for, after a few moments of cheerful chatting, the company file out in the order in which they entered. At half-past ten Mary brings beef tea; at twelve, dinner; at three, tea, or some delicate soup; at six, my evening meal; and she always appears at the exact time to give the medicine as directed by the physician. At any time during the day, John comes at the touch of the electric bell to take me to the balcony or down into the shady walks, as I may be able. At five or six, the young physician calls to see if there is needed any change in the treatment. Later in the evening Sister Barberly comes in for a little visit.

What pleasant talks we have had! One night when it seemed doubtful that I would remain till morning, she talked to me of myself, my faith in Christ, and my message to friends, and then read the precious Word to me. When needed a special night watch is given, who sits in the room behind a screen and reads or sews, ready for any moment of service with skillful hands and kind heart.

Later in this tour I again fell into hospital for a week or two at Beirut, in Syria, which is north of the Holy Land, where from my window I could see the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, the vessels of almost every nation riding at anchor in the harbor, and beyond, the splendid, half-Turk, half-European city lovely to see, and the lofty Lebanon range, some of whose numerous heights were snow-crowned.

On crossing into Italy, on returning, I again fell into hospital, this time at Naples, where, after a notable day on Vesuvius, I found a retreat in the very hospital where, afterward, the eminent and precious Maltbie Babcock, D.D., found the close of life, perhaps in the very room where I spent the hours of my stay.

A DAY WITH MY BIRDS¹

I SAY my birds, because they belong to me. They are in the invoice of my personal possessions at Tanglewood, where they and I are to spend the livelong summer.

These birds of mine are here to serve my special pleasure and profit. They are, for instance, under special orders to sing for me; but mainly in sweet, gentle solos at impressive moments; their oratorio and concert music they produce only earlier in the season. However, the solos are fine. Can you imagine anything more plaintive and ravishing than the notes of the whippoorwill, coming up from a shady thicket as evening stillness and darkness deepen, or the mournful cooing of the turtledove sitting alone in the depths of the wood? Nor does the cheery solo of the bob-white whistled cautiously from his perch on the wheatfield fence quite escape a tone of sadness and fear. This charming musician seems to be whistling to keep his courage up.

Then I have also assigned to my birds a daily

¹ Reprinted from *The Christian Advocate*, by permission of the editor.

roll of entertainment as air performers. Every hour they execute feats with splendid grace, ease, and absolute safety which make the acts of the whole troupe of the expert flying men of the world seem like the clumsy efforts of beginners. Who ever saw a bird drop to disaster through "a pocket in the air"? Who ever saw a gust of wind upset a bird or crumple its wings and send it down to its death? Or who ever saw an aeroplane toy with storm clouds in the very dignity of its calm strength as does the eagle, or hang in midair in the very glee of life as the humming-bird poises itself before an object of its interest?

But my birds are not only entrancing singers and amazing aviators; they are also fine instructors in the lessons of life. Do not wonder then that I was anxious to have my first meeting for the season with them. The morning after my arrival at Tanglewood I went out to see them. They did not know I was coming, so I caught them engaged in their ordinary daily duties and pleasures. With my eyes and ears and thoughts alert I sat down on the grass near our shack. Close by to the south was a noble primeval forest of many acres. To the east and west spread out a panorama of undulating hills,

running streams, and cultivated farms interspersed with woodlands beautiful to behold. To the northeast was the magnificent Susquehanna, rushing among its famed and picturesque islands to its confluence with the Chesapeake Bay a few miles away.

The first of my feathery tribe to present themselves were a pair of chickadees. They were shy and well-behaved, and in their surprise at my presence kept at a distance. You know they always dress modestly, and in this they are not the least like a multitude of young ladies—and some old ones too—whom we all know who dress in scant, tight-fitting, fright-colored toggery, the front, the most conspicuous part, wrought out into the dazzle of a crazy quilt, and in this attire flash along the public streets!

Then came two robins and sat for my inspection in the top of a nearby tree, but soon darted away into the woods, where one of them struck up a wild, jubilant song just to show me how country robins can sing among these hills and trees. But this robin song was almost nothing compared with the peculiar, gentle sweetness of rehearsal that I attended late that evening given by a robin in the edge of the woods. I never

before knew that one bird singer could so transcend another of the same species. I listened entranced a long time and until it had grown dark. Surely that robin is one of the vocal stars of these woods. I must hear him often.

Meanwhile from my seat in the grass I had heard the loud shrill notes of a crow. They reverberated across the fields from the distant trees like some urgent emergency call for help. It was not long before I saw Mr. Crow sailing in the open with two small birds—a robin and a blackbird—in hot, desperate pursuit of him. How they annoyed him, as often some big, dignified person is worried almost to death by little, despicable upstarts! But I noticed that, at least, the big black fellow did the proper thing of rising above his enemies into the upper realms where they did not care to follow him, and how serenely he rode on his steady wings in the higher skies!

About that time an enormously large bat came dashing along in his headlong, crooked flight, just to give me one good look at him, and was gone, leaving me wondering if, indeed, great bat roosts established in all our mosquito-infested districts are to solve the problem of the

destruction of one of our most deadly disease-breeding insects; for, you know, the bat is a voracious feeder on mosquitoes.

I was anxious to know whether or not I had any turtledoves in my collection, and so it touched me somewhat deeply when I caught the plaintive notes of one of these heavenly singers coming up from a clump of trees to the north. The songs of some birds stir us as do martial strains, others charm us with jubilant notes, others still hold us spellbound by the purity and sweetness of their melodies; but the mournful cooing of the turtledove softens the heart and subdues its passions and melts it into gentleness and submission as does the song of no other bird of our woods.

MY LADY HUMMING-BIRD¹

BUT the greatest joy of the morning came of my meeting with my lady humming-bird. I speak of "My Lady Humming-Bird," since I do not know that I have seen her mate. Certainly, I have not seen the pair together. If I have seen them separately, I did not know it, as the dainty creatures look so much alike. So then let me say that the tiny mother bird was ever so nice and refined in her deportment—and what fine manners she had! She always came into my presence (and she came seven times during the morning) on my right and always gave notice of her approach by a peculiar hum of her little vibrating wings, and I thought I caught a whiff of her fine perfumery; but in this I may have been mistaken. She always alighted on a certain dead twig of a chestnut tree at a respectable distance—say fifteen feet from me—where each time she sat a good while for my inspection, and when she thought I had feasted my eyes on her long enough she gracefully flew away toward the

¹ Reprinted from *The Christian Advocate*, by permission of the editor.

woods. However, twice in the seven times on returning she darted to within four or five feet of my face and held herself poised on wing for about a minute, as much as to say to me, "Now take a good look at me!" or was it a brave attempt to drive me away from her nest and nestlings somewhere near by? This point I decided to settle later and I have detained this article to tell the result.

For several days I assiduously cultivated the acquaintanceship of my little Lady Humming-Bird and deftly sought to get her to reveal to me the place of her nest. Our meeting place was always the same. At last I found she would come to her twig at the call of a low whistle that I cultivated. Only twice did she fail to come to my signal, and I gave the whistle several times every day. I suppose that on these two exceptional occasions she was busy with domestic cares. All my devices to get her to go toward her nest completely failed. When our interviews ended she always flew straight into the big woods, as though her nest were there. In the meantime I chanced to read in one of John Burroughs' books these stimulating words: "The woods hold not such another gem as the nest of the humming-bird. The finding of one

is an event to date from. It is the next best thing to finding an eagle's nest. I have met with but two, both by chance." These statements by an eminent ornithologist set me aflame with enthusiasm in my quest for the nest of My Lady Humming-Bird—to find by plan and purpose that which he had found by chance, and I did it.

At last I was sitting watching for her where she did not expect me, when she darted by and lit on a small branch of a maple not twenty feet away. One glance at a little protuberance the size of a small chestnut burr and almost indiscernable among the leaves on the branch beside her made me spring up as though I had been shot and cry, "Eureka!"

A few minutes later I had a wagon under the tree with a stepladder in it and I was at the top looking into the smallest nest that birds ever build and in it lay two baby birds not much larger than bumblebees.

The study of My Lady Humming-Bird was not complete when the reminiscence went to the printer. Let me, therefore, say further that I was almost sorry when at last the tiny bird was outwitted. Her guile availed not in the end. Her nest was found most deftly hidden on the

top of a limb the size of your wrist under an overshadowing sprig of leaves. I watched the nest with interest until the birdlings had gone to repeat the incident of nest and bird life for themselves. I learned in their going this unique fact, that, unlike the robins and such birds, they do not leave the nest until they are fully fledged and ready for the battle of life. They take no risks of cats or other animals. I watched these two mites for hours as they stayed at home and attended to their duties under the watchful eye of their mother, when other kinds of bird youngsters would have been off for a trial of their strength and wings, and plunging into dangers. How many times they stood on the rim of the home nest preening their wings, stretching their legs, and shaking out their feathers, till the mother bird one day told one of them, in some bird language, that the test was satisfactory; that they could now go safely into the wide, wide world!

Then it spread its little wings, and without an unsteady stroke sped on its way to the top of a very large tree, and in very glee of life, as fearlessly as would the mother bird. Two days later the other birdling completed its tutelage, and on safe pinions took wing into the air as

though it too were a veteran hummer. As the nest was now forsaken, I climbed into the tree, sawed off a bit of the limb on which the bird had glued her nest, and I now keep the tiny structure about an inch in size as a trophy of my season with my birds.

A MIDNIGHT BAPTISM

IT took more than a century of long marches and great fighting by way of victories and defeats before the kingdom of John Barleycorn could be overthrown and prohibition written into the constitutional law of the United States. It was during this prolonged struggle, and it was in the year 1872, that the people of Grand Rapids, Michigan, were in one of the many long disputes over the enforcement of liquor laws, and the strife was a bitter one. I have a vivid reminiscence of one night that year when, about midnight, a rap came at my side door. Who could it be at such an hour? I was a little anxious about my personal safety, as I was in this struggle, so I held a parley with the visitor before opening the door to him, till he convinced me that he really wanted me to come to his home and baptize his sister, who seemed almost crazy to receive that ordinance. Not willing, yet, to throw away all precaution, I stopped with the man at the home of my family physician, and secured his consent to dress and go with us to the place where I seemed to be

wanted. As we hastened along the quiet street, not far from the parsonage, and approached the house to which we were going, someone came out and broke the stillness of the night, calling in an excited voice, "Come on quick with the preacher!" As we entered the house, I requested the doctor to go upstairs and see if everything was all right. He returned and said, "I think you better go up and baptize her." So I went upstairs, and as I entered the room I found the young woman apparently sick abed. The moment she saw me, in a frenzy of excitement and without a moment of warning she threw her arms to my neck and cried, "Oh, baptize me! baptize me!" I thought I took the situation in, and asked of the friends who stood about to procure me a bowl of water, with which I proceeded to bathe her head rather lavishly and without repeating any ritual. I did this for a good while until she became quiet and restful, and after a little talk with the friends, left her apparently satisfied.

The next morning I thought I would study the case a little further, and so called to see the young woman, and found the surroundings quite changed. She was downstairs in the sitting room, neatly dressed, and talked fluently

and very intelligently. She told me how she had attended revival services in Chicago, and at a church whose pastor was an intimate friend of mine. When she came home she was anxious to be baptized. Referring to the baptism of the last night, she explained how she heard all the company said and declared that at that time the devil went out of her ear. That sudden remark threw new light upon the case, so a day or two later, taking my wife with me, I called again on the lady. This time she was again sick abed, but entertained us very intelligently and pleasantly, till suddenly she lifted up her feet and struck them down violently at a hot-water bag in the bed, and exclaimed, "Take that devilish thing out." My wife, at this, without ceremony lost no time in getting out of the house. In the curtain lecture that followed, when at home, it was after all amicably agreed that Satan had reentered the young lady again by the "way of her ear."

A GUERRILLA TRAGEDY

IT was the spring of 1864. The Civil War for the Union was still abroad in the land. Its end was near at hand, but we knew it not. Another Chickamauga or a half-won Gettysburg would probably have led to the doom of the Union. The desperate venture of Sherman's army to cut its way through the Confederacy to the sea was in progress. Recruits were greatly needed to take the place of Sherman's veterans. President Lincoln had sent forth the urgent call. College boys were under pressure to respond and were impatient to go. They were neglecting their classes and in large numbers were enlisting. Among these were many students of Northwestern University and Garrett Biblical Institute. They went into camp at Chicago at Camp Fry. The writer went with many others and was elected chaplain of the 134th Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, but was transferred to the 132d Regiment. Both regiments were ordered to Paducah, Kentucky, in support of the fort there, being at once face to face with war conditions.

After a few days I was called to the fort headquarters. There I met Captain Norton, in charge of a squad of sixteen Negroes, and was told that two guerrillas had been captured. They were to be shot in a few minutes and I was to talk with them and attend the execution. This was new and trying work for a young theological student just from school. It was a severe test of my fortitude. The work of guerrillas during the Civil War was not only bloody, but it was held to be most dishonorable, for they fought at their own wills and without any military organization.

I asked to see these men alone and was permitted to take them into a room in the fort, around which the guard of colored soldiers was thrown. I found them willing and anxious to talk, and I assured them that they were about to die. One of them, a rough-looking countryman, about thirty years old, told me he was unmarried; lived at Smithland, near by, where he had four sisters and his mother; had been in the Rebel cavalry; had done no murderous deeds except in fair battle; had stolen cattle and said he was unfit to die. When I prayed with them this man knelt down and wept and prayed aloud. The other man was smaller, more

excited, and more distressed. He said he lived at Henderson across the river, not far from the fort, where he had his home with his mother and four brothers; was opposed to the government; spoke freely of his life and family and asked me to have his body sent to his mother. He declared that he had been a wicked man and was afraid to die. Both men asked me to go with them to the execution. When our conversation had ended, the detachment detailed for this bloody work was in waiting to move to the nearby shore of the Ohio River. There a grave was being dug. At the request of the prisoners, who were surrounded by their guard, I walked with them. During this walk and at the grave they had many things to say.

One of them asked me to write to his brothers and beg them to let liquor alone, as that had brought him to his doom, and added: "If any rebel ought to die, I ought to." A moment later he straightened himself up and said, "I'll die like a man." When the grave had been completed, just an excavation large enough for the two men without even a box, the men asked me to make another prayer and the officer in command permitted it. As the prayer ended I shook hands with the men, stepped back a pace

from them, while their hands were being tied behind them and their eyes were blindfolded. As the two men stood beside their one coffinless grave, sixteen black men raised their guns, four of which were loaded with metal and the rest with blank cartridges. Captain Norton, in a low tone gave the command, "Fire!" As if struck at the same instant both men fell backward without a struggle; the shovels at once covered them over, and the sad and bloody tragedy had ended.

In a day or two a broken-hearted mother came to our camp to beg the body of her son. True to my promise to him, I went to the commanding general and besought him to grant her request, which he did. Securing aid, I had the body taken up and loaded into the little cart she had brought for it, trying the while to speak some word of peace into a heart of unspeakable sorrow.

A WEIRD NIGHT

DR. J. McKENDREE REILEY, of Baltimore, was long and well known as an eminent preacher of a generation of Methodist heroes now gone. At the time now referred to, Dr. Reiley had been invited to have charge of the services connected with the dedication of a church at Solomon's Island, Maryland, in the Chesapeake Bay, about a hundred miles south from Baltimore. I, then a young man, was to go with him and be his assistant. These services were to be held on a camp ground near the church, where a camp-meeting was in progress. The ritual of consecration, of course, was to be conducted at the church. We, with others going to the camp meeting, took the steamer at Baltimore Saturday night, and arrived at Solomon's Island early the next morning. The sight of the small sail vessels, whose white sails stood out against the broad expanse of the bay and the surrounding land scenery, was something fine that splendid morning. We landed at the camp ground, where there was no large landing pier, by running the steamer near

the shore and having the passengers try by leaping to reach the shore. This they did by taking advantage of the receding waves, but many even of the ladies sprang too late and were caught in the water. I was fortunate in making the leap, and sent a colored man to wade in and carry Doctor Reiley out on his shoulders. This reminded Doctor Reiley of Sinbad, the sailor.

The eminent preacher of the occasion was to speak at ten-thirty on the camp ground, but I was asked first to conduct the collection and take subscription needed for the new church. It was full one o'clock before I was able to report the collection taken. Dinner was already waiting in the tents, so a vote of the audience was taken to determine whether Doctor Reiley should now preach or the dinner be served. Dinner was the choice, and the great preacher delivered his sermon at three o'clock. This made it necessary for me to preach the night sermon. I shall never forget that night. As the people came into the grove from their boats or from their cottages or tents they seemed to talk in suppressed voices. The sighing of the wind through the trees was strangely plaintive. The flames on the firestands in the camp about cast a lurid gleam that was ghostly. The auditorium

tent was made of the sails of the fishing smacks and was lit by boat lanterns of various colors, showing themselves, but giving almost no light. The whole scene had an unearthly and uncanny look, at least to the preacher of the evening. When the audience had assembled and the preacher had delivered ten minutes of his sermon, the whole audience as if by some sudden, mighty impulse, instantly rose from their seats, and hastily rushed out of the tent. I stood still on the platform, aghast at what was happening, till someone shouted at me, "You better get out there!" I took heed, and left the tent in haste, to learn that the people, used to those waters, sensing the coming of a storm by a sudden, peculiar dash of wind, had thus fled from the large and dangerous tent.

The coterie of ministers present rushed out of the storm to the nearby schoolhouse, where sleeping accommodations had been made for them by making beds on the school benches. Here they threw themselves down and began to relate such experiences and tell such stories as only a company of Methodist preachers can. When the storm was over, the moon came out in great beauty. The camp meeting rowdies also began to appear. We heard one of them

loudly declare that he was going to find a bed with those preachers upstairs in the schoolhouse, and, sure enough, he began to climb the stairs that were on the outside. As he came into the room and was walking between the beds on the desks, one of the preachers, renowned for his strength and courage, slipped from his bed, and standing in his nightrobes, asked the rough what he wanted. He received the reply, "I want a bed among these ministers, and I am going to have it." The minister answered back, "There is no bed for you." The man, seeing him standing there, a veritable Peter Cartwright, and knowing his fame for suppressing disturbers of meetings in those days, meekly said, "Well, if there's no bed for me, I'll have to go back." And back the intruder went to meet the jeers of his comrades, leaving the preachers to their stories and, later, to their slumbers and, long years after, to tell of that weird night on Chesapeake Bay.

TOM ODLEY

MR. THOMAS ODLEY had lived about sixty years and I think he always had his home in the little aristocratic city of Alexandria, Virginia. He was a fine-looking Virginia gentleman of the old school and could boast of the blue blood of the Old Dominion flowing in his veins. Twenty-five years before the time of which I am to here write, this man Odley was the president of the Young Men's Christian Association and was held in high esteem and affection in Alexandria. But now, at the age of sixty, he had come to be "Old Tom Odley," the rum-ruined wreck of a glorious man, whose little cobbler's shop brings chiefly money for the consuming fires of strong drink—a common street drunkard for whom no one cares.

This bit of human driftwood was caught in a current of events that was sweeping over the community of Alexandria at that time (1879), and this was how it came about:

One afternoon I came home from visiting the families of my church at Alexandria greatly depressed and almost broken-hearted over the

ravages of strong drink that I found almost everywhere in high social circles as well as in low life, in that city. That afternoon I resolved to lift my voice as never before against this distressing condition. But what could one man do? I first went for counsel and help to the president of the Y. M. C. A., but soon learned he was noncommittal and fond of his toddy; then to the pastors, one of whom was chaplain of the United States Senate, whose church was liberally supported by liquor dealers, and none of the pastors offered help or encouragement; finally I went to the officers of my own church, who without enthusiasm consented to the use of their church for public meetings.

Such meetings were opened. Gifted speakers were brought especially from Washington, D. C., seven or eight miles away. Widespread interest was soon awakened. For weeks the interest continued to increase. Old soaks began to reform and put on the red ribbon; moderate drinkers gave up all booze; many hundreds took the pledge. A club of about six hundred reformed men was organized. Rooms on the street were opened for the various activities of the club, and many of these activities continued years after that first campaign came to an end.

Pastors who were swept into it continued to come back to attend the annual roll call of the reformed men of 1879. At the last annual that I remember to have attended four hundred men reported "All right" in the meeting, some sending the message, and the others arising and giving their answer personally.

Now, Tom Odley was only one incident among a multitude of similar ones of that remarkable movement. Early in the awakening he had taken the pledge more than once, and when he came again into one of our public meetings I went to him and asked him to try once more; but he declared it was no use to try any more; it was impossible for him to let liquor alone. Speaking loudly from the floor by his side, I asked all the people to pray for this rum-en-slaved man while he now went forward and again took the solemn pledge of total abstinence. The Rev. Dr. Boyle, one of the pastors, sprang to his feet and led the people in a fervent prayer for the man; but he was no match yet for the ever-present saloon, for in a day or two Tom Odley was drunk again. A charge was then mercifully trumped up against him, so that he was committed to jail for ten days, and then re-committed for ten days more, while watchful

and helpful attention was given him, to be continued when the twenty days had expired. Thus his body was prepared for another trial and his spirit aroused to hopeful effort. Men of the Club and of the church put their arms about him and safeguarded him from evil till he was established. One day I stood in his shop when he told me, with tears of joy in his eyes, of his great victory. A day or two after this I was called hastily to the same little shop to see Tom Odley in his last great struggle, for, smitten by apoplexy, he lay on the floor of his shop and a doctor was trying to preserve the spark of life; but the efforts were in vain.

His reformation had been the wonder of all who knew him. His death, funeral, and burial produced a profound impression in the community. Having no family or home (for years he had been disowned by the esteemed family connection to which he belonged), and yet being widely known, he was borne by the companions of his new life to the Red Ribbon apartments where he lay in state and was viewed by a multitude of people and honored in remarkable funeral services, attended by the mayor of the city and other leading citizens. Then, declining to use a hearse, his comrades who were chosen

as pall-bearers lifted the casket on their shoulders, and, followed by a concourse of reformed men, wearing red ribbons, bore him through the streets to his burial. Wonder not that the next day a large number of drinking men came to the club headquarters, signed the pledge, and put on the red ribbon.

These reminiscences of these old days at Alexandria should include a record of many more thrilling events than is the story of Tom Odley. For instance, how the comrades of tempted men safeguarded them against the demon, even with their fists, fighting to keep them from getting out to the saloons; how one, otherwise a splendid man, eluded his watcher and jumped through a window and was picked up dead on the pavement below—this in the attempt to get to a saloon or a place where drink could be had.

But this reference to the long-continued fight against strong drink at Alexandria is only a wee bit of the overwhelming proof that shows that the eighteenth Amendment has not come by some sudden frenzied impulse of the United States, but after long marches, hard fighting, and the close study of the American people.

BEDOUIN ROBBERS

FROM time immemorial the Holy Land had been inhabited by a race of robbers known as Bedouins. They seem to have arisen from the plains and deserts of Arabia, and spread especially through Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, and have retained their marked racial characteristics. They commit their robberies, or, we might say, carry on their traffic, mainly at night under tribal officers and according to Bedouin customs and laws, which they regard honorable, right, and businesslike. Hence, in such lands as I have mentioned, there is little travel away from the towns and villages, and no such thing as country living and farming, all the stock and farming utensils being carried into the villages for safety and protection at night.

It so happened in 1886-87, I was riding, a lone tourist, save with a dragoman named Lyons, and a muleteer named Acmud, from Beirut to Jerusalem. We had sent Acmud by a short cut from Tiberias to Jenin, while Lyons and I detoured to Mount Tabor, the most symmetrical mountain in the land, up which we

rode by a fine bridle path built by the monks. These monks took great interest in showing us the caves and tombs and other reminders of the days of the crusades. We had tarried longer than we expected, so, after our lunch with the monks, Lyons suggested that owing to the lateness of the hour, we should try to go down the precipitous sides of Tabor on the north, thus saving a good deal of time. For sentimental reasons, I had named my horse, Rameses III. So rough and steep was the going that it seemed impossible for me to keep from slipping or being thrown over the head of Rameses III. So I dismounted and tried to lead his Highness; then I ran into the greater danger of having my horse stumble upon me, for he seemed to be almost over my head.

Lyons reached the foot of the mountain before I did, and, without waiting for me, spurred up his horse to a high rate of speed, and began the trip across the Plain of Esdraelon toward Jenin. Having the better horse, I soon overtook him, and scolded him severely for speeding his tired horse so. He then turned upon me and said: "Mr. Pearce, it is yet two hours to Jenin, and it is near nightfall. This is the most dangerous part of the country, and the first time in

twenty-five years that I have been without arms. We have to pass through two or three villages. I request that you do not to-night speak to me as we ride. No one should know that you are a tourist." With that he whipped up his horse. By the time we had crossed the plain and reached the village of Jezreel it was growing dark. We rode in silence through the edge of the village, when Lyons by accident dropped his brass-mounted whip (which I intended to buy at any price as a souvenir). He jumped from his horse, felt around on the ground, and not finding it speedily, remounted. That made me feel that Lyons was anxious for our safety. He took his heavy long cane from the bundle on the saddle and used that to punch his horse. He had taken the precaution not to put on his overcoat and his turban as the cool of the evening came on, as was his usual custom, so that, wearing his blouse and his red fez cap, he could readily personate a soldier of the Turkish government, of whom the Bedouins stand in great fear.

We had now passed a mile or two beyond the village of Jezreel, and the gloom of the evening was deepening, when we were suddenly halted by three men confronting us on foot. They

could easily see us on horseback against the moonlit sky.

The halt was in the Arabic language, to which Lyons replied, "Friends come." The men replied, "There is no friend at night." Thereupon Lyons dug his heels into his horse's side, put his big cane to his shoulder, as though it were a gun, and rushing upon the robbers, cried, "A soldier of the government!" The ruse succeeded, for the men instantly cried, "Salaam! Salaam!" and hurried away.

As we pressed on our way we soon skirted another village, but we were not seen, for which we were very glad. However, to our dismay, Lyons now lost his way, and was compelled to turn back to the village just passed to ask for a guide, or at least directions, in the darkness. Here again his guile stood him well in hand. Something like a village dance seemed to be in progress, which at once adjourned to give attention to these night prowlers, but no amount of argument could induce the villagers to give us what we requested. We stood on the outside, and the dispute was becoming intense. Finally, Lyons lifted his voice to a commanding tone, and pointing to me sitting in silence on my horse and looking as large and important

as I could, he exclaimed, "I am taking this officer of the government to Jenin, and I have got to have a guide." At that, three of the villagers at once started off to be our guides. Soon Lyons got his bearings again and sent the men back.

Without further incident worthy of note we arrived at Jenin. Acnud had hired a little stone hut with iron-barred windows. Lyons got my supper on a little charcoal brazier; made up my bed and tucked me in. He made his own pallet on the floor where he lay all night with his head against the door, for, as he said the next morning, he fully expected that an attempt would be made to rob us that night. We were afterward assured that Lyons truly represented the danger of travel in that part of Palestine.

The next night I slept in a good bed in the Mediterranean Hotel in Jerusalem.

THE PITY OF IT

A MORE perfect gentleman I have seldom known. His pleasant face, genial manners, neatness of person, and kindness of heart made it pleasant to have him as a business associate, while his devotion to his work and his tact for it made me hopeful of large results. He frankly told me of his past life, and how he had been overcome by strong drink, but assured me that for a long time he had been free from it, and now was forever done with it, and was trying to lead a Christian life. He meant all he said and I believed it was true. I gave him employment in our office at the head of the advertising department. For weeks all went well. He was delighted and so was I. But the night of the great fire, February 7, 1904, sent him to ruin as certainly as it did our great building, for the terrors and excitement of that memorable night caused him to lose the mastery of his passion for strong drink, and he went upon a debauch. We sought him for days, and by and by he appeared. He told me his story, was deeply mortified and penitent, promised to never again yield to the demon; but he was

penniless, had squandered his little all, wanted money for food and lodging. I gave it more than once; so did others. I took him home with me one night for food and to guard him, but all efforts were in vain. Almost every turn on the street the saloon invited him, and the fires within him burned furiously with every such solicitation. His pleading for money that he might get bread and shelter was as plaintive as it was false. Truth, honor, modesty, and almost every begged penny went for drink at the saloon till one night he was picked up nearly dead on the street and carried to the City Hospital as a penniless, friendless, common drunk, there to die.

Oh, the pity of it! Of what? Not simply that this one man of such qualities of head and heart should thus perish, but that he should have been only one sheaf in the enormous harvest of misery, poverty, and moral and physical ruin that rum was reaping on almost every street.

The rum power in this land dies hard and sullenly, but it dies. I have lived to see it legally dead. That seemed to be impossible in my day, the battle was so long and desperate and seemingly hopeless. Society is getting the one good look that it needs to break the spell which rum has put upon it.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

LET me tell you all about it. I had taken the New York Central for some little matter of business a few miles out of Syracuse. The coach that I had entered was well filled with passengers. As the train pulled out of the station I glanced at the gentleman with whom I was taking my seat and he looked at me, but neither of us said anything. To be sitting in the same seat with a respectable-looking man and say nothing to him always seemed a little awkward to me, and on this occasion I felt it was unsocial and a little embarrassing, for the same gentleman had a quizzical look on his face. So I began to think up some way of starting a good dish of conversation. Just then we were passing the salt sheds. That was my chance, I thought. I knew somewhat about the great salt industry of Syracuse, having lived in that city many years. I thought I would open with a question about those salt sheds, so I asked, "Can you tell me, sir, what those multitudes of wooden sheds are?" He smiled, as I thought afterward, and showed a twinkle in his

eye. It was evidence that I had made a hit of the question—perhaps a favorite theme of his. Or, it may be he was an investor in salt. He at once said he would be very pleased to tell me about the great salt works of the city. He proceeded to unfold more erudition about the salt business and its history than I ever knew before. He fairly grew eloquent. Somehow I became very uncomfortable as the conversation proceeded, and yet I was learning a great deal that I should be glad to know. By and by, as my new friend began to edge off to other subjects, his face took on a mischievous look when he said, “Do you live anywhere in this part of the country?”

“Oh, yes,” I said, “I live in Syracuse,” and, before I could make any apologies for my dense ignorance and my pose as a stranger in those parts, he exclaimed, “Oh, you needn’t play off on me. I know you. I knew who you were when you sat down here. I have heard you preach. I take your paper; I have been in your office to-day and paid for your paper.”

Now, whether or not my little game was an immense success, or our dish of conversation greatly enjoyed by all parties concerned, the deponent saith not!

THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA

A VERY numerous religious body was about to assemble in its quadrennial session at Los Angeles, California, the pride of the Pacific Coast. This body was to meet May 1, 1904, and continue all that month, which is so generally chosen for conventions and great gatherings and is so fine for railroad traveling in this country. People, especially of the Methodist feather, were now gathering from all parts of this land and from almost every country to attend this convocation, and especially to get the advantage of the reduced rates of transportation that thus they might be able to visit and gaze upon the primeval resplendence of our mighty West. Those who had planned to enter this land of nature's amazing wonders by the Santa Fe route were, of course, intent above all other things on seeing the Grand Cañon of Arizona. This writer was of that tide of folks.

At Williams, Arizona, our trains were shifted from the main line of the Santa Fe to the branch called "The Bright Angel Trail" and headed

directly north for the Grand Cañon, sixty-five miles away through a wild plateau of mountainous formations and gorges of turbulent waters.

At the terminal of this trail we reach the high altitude of seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and we now stand on the rim of the gigantic breach in the crust of the earth that we have come so far to see. The stupendous chasm into which one looks extends down into the earth along its tortuous way until it has reached the amazing depth of 5,000 feet below where we stand at the top—a depth so great that if one could pile five Eiffel Towers one on the other in the great gorge where the river plunges, one would have to go down into the chasm many feet before he could touch the top of the steel mass; and that tower is the loftiest structure that human hands have ever built up on the earth. The foaming and impetuous Colorado River that plunges along its way is, here and there, torn into raging torrents by jutting rocks, dangerous rapids, high embankments, and treacherous whirlpools—waters in which it would seem that no boat could live and yet along which are gentle eddies, quiet lakes, and subterranean chambers whose waters are at perfect rest.

Nor is it only a few miles of these enormous rock formations that are held within this breach in the crust of the earth. Across the chasm from rim to rim the distance varies from ten to twenty miles while the cañon up and down the river is not less than two hundred miles. Within these limits one has the most astounding, unearthly, and awe-inspiring sight that nature ever displayed in the rocks of the earth to the eyes of men; and yet it is also the most ineffably beautiful revelation of mundane objects upon which men ever gazed.

Here is not simply one resplendent cañon, but systems of them, labyrinths of wonders, some of which are as huge as gigantic towers of granite and some as delicate as are the colors with which nature tints untold miles of these marvelous stones, spacious caverns miles in extent, yawning abysses, mountains, volcanoes, tall snow-crowned peaks, immense cataracts, hanging gardens of stalactites and forests of petrified trees; besides objects in semblance most beautiful and wonderful to behold and in countless number—temples, palaces, cathedrals, castles, altars, tombs, domes, and fortifications.

But what shall we say of the miracle of colors in which nature paints all these masterpieces

of her handiwork? Not more varied, harmonious, or gloriously beautiful are ever the clouds that float in the skies or the stars that shine in the heavens than are the colors that glorify the rock formations of the Grand Cañon. And one overwhelming wonder of this picturesque scene is the blending of the colors and the harmony of the whole painting. One might think that the piling up of such an aggregation of such diverse and stupendous objects in such apparent confusion would do violence to all harmony of design and destroy all artistic beauty. But not so. No old master ever put colors of more delicate tone or of finer blending of tints than one finds here in this most masterful of all nature's paintings. O, the overpowering splendor, the indescribable loveliness, the compelling charm of it all!

If you raise the question: "How long was God in preparing this supreme earthly display of his work?" human wisdom saith not, and science indeed only replies in guesses or in terms of multiplied millions of years. As one stands here and gazes upon what little part one can see of this revelation in stone and tries to comprehend this incomprehensible wonder, it would seem that God is giving men in this chasm a

divine counterpart of the vast dome above us where float the clouds in glorious beauty and where the heavenly bodies burn in their brilliant majesty.

When I first read some of the ecstatic and beautiful words of Ruskin in his *Stones of Venice*, I said, "An art critic gone mad over his entrancing subject." But when I had lived to walk over the old pavements of Saint Mark's Cathedral and looked up at its marvelous, indescribable creations in marble, I said: "It is enough; Ruskin was sane." So when, the other day I read some of the words of Fitz-James MacCarthy, the facile journalist, where he wrote of the Grand Cañon, I should have said, "The man is writing bewildering, unbelievable things," had I not seen this great chasm of Arizona. If you do not accept the credibility and enthusiasm of my reminiscence of this wonder, I refer you to Fitz-James MacCarthy, the man of the world, "the globe-trotter," but the man who can see visions when God unfolds them to his eyes, who, writing of the Grand Cañon, says: "This impassive thing that frightens you with its appalling immensity, that enthalls your imagination by the magic of its matchless beauty, that bewilders and mystifies

your senses by its vague suggestion of fragrance and melody in its gorgeous purples, and by the vast echoless silences of its Pompeiian reds and yellows, is inexorable and unresponsive to your puny emotions. That is what fills you with a nameless longing, a divine regret. That is what makes you sob unconsciously as you gaze off into the abysmal, chromatic splendors of the scene."

Intent upon making my last hours at the Grand Cañon the most impressive and memorable of my stay, I arose very early that morning, took my breakfast in my pocket with me and walked three miles to a point on the rim of the chasm where I was assured I would have a most satisfactory view. Partaking of my basket in a covert of rocks on the rim where all around and below me were cliffs, gorges and rocky chambers, I drew a little nearer still to the edge when there broke upon my gaze one of the most resplendent sights I had ever seen—a phantom city, extending thousands of feet down the precipitous opposite sides of the gorge—the semblance of a magnificent city built of marbles of variegated colors and of countless structural forms—towers, monuments, steeples, churches, palatial residences, splendid business streets,

and, as if to complete the phantasm of it all, the mists and vapors that rose from the cañon below and spread among the buildings made it seem that the people were building their early morning fires whose smoke went curling up as from thousands of chimneys. I stood there wrapped in overwhelming wonder, awe, and praise. The strange stillness of those profound depths brooded everywhere. Not a sound from the rushing river, six thousand feet below the rim, reached the ear. No human voice, or song of bird, or tread of beast, resounded through those corridors of silence. Whatever happens, nothing can spoil the sublime symphony that sings in my heart when I think of the days that I spent amid the unparalleled wonders and astounding splendors of the Grand Cañon of Arizona.

ALONG THE DANUBE

THERE are times when even the worst of us, and surely when the best of us, will have the soul life within us so wrought up that the spirituelle, the ethereal, the mystic, the beautiful, and the divine, will make us see visions that will seem as real as the streams, the mountains, the trees, or the skies.

One of these visions was given me during a jaunt of a few weeks that I was having with friends in Bulgaria. We had traveled all day in our carriages over the uplands of Bulgaria. As evening drew on the lofty Balkan range faded from view and the sun went down in great beauty behind the distant foothills whose summit line reached up into and along the sky and seemed like the borderline between heaven and earth. We were now riding along the low banks of the broad Danube. As the fading daylight deepened into dusk the clouds upon the hills caught from the sun a thousand tints which lit the sky with indescribable glory, and were reflected and changed upon the surface of the water, so as to make the river seem a great

luminous pathway, paved in deep and lovely hues, the changing lines converging at the foot of the hills, whose tops were gilded with exquisite colorings. I rode for a long time looking at this magnificent spectacle. It required no great effort of the imagination, in the gloaming of that evening, to make the radiant vision upon which we looked seem like the pathway to the skies by which the redeemed are to ascend, and at the end of which stand the sunlit towers of the glorious city of our God.

Do you wonder that enraptured I was uplifted to the third heaven of spiritual things (whether in the body I cannot tell: whether out of the body I cannot tell)? Do you wonder that I could catch the spirit of the seraphic Bishop Quayle: "I thank thee, O God of the out-of-doors, that thou art in the mountains; and I am with them and thee. Hear my voice mixed with the music of thy waterfalls, and think of my prayer as if it were a song to thee whom I love to bless for this great mercy of the mountain and mountain music and shadow, and moonlight and mystery. Thee I love and bless. And the stream chanted, 'He heareth prayer.'

"Mountains blue, dreamy, remote, compounded of earth and air, white as built of sum-

mer cloud, builded with the massive masonry of God, tranquil, masterful, compelling wonder, watched by the stars, abundant in waterfalls, glorious in strength, battlemented for sunsets, crowned with noons, steeped in dawns, the expectation of the lowlands, a rest for care, heights to which dying eyes lift their last, longing, homesick look before they front the mountains of eternity—mountains, pray you, build your sublime ranges along the Western landscape of the heart, as that, as we look, sunsets shall revel on your snowy crests, and your long shadows shall walk from sky to sky, and we shall hear at burning noon or quiet evening, or the windy morn the calling of the mountains, ‘Let us journey together to the sky.’ ”

GONE, BUT NOT LOST

EVERY old man of heart will sooner or later come to experiences so sacred, love so tender, joy so seraphic, sorrow so heartbreaking, or death so pitiful, that it seems almost a profanation to speak of these things in words for ears of others. O the pity of it when an old man or woman has no inner sanctuary of life where he would fain whisper these sanctities of his holiest reminiscences! Yet, there are times when it is his duty to kindle in the hearts of others kindred experiences.

A few years ago a fond brother whose life was a part of mine was taken away. I thought I could not live without him, and wanted to hide away and seek communion with his spirit. But I remember that he lived so nobly and lovingly that multitudes came into his comradeship and brotherhood, and so they too have sacred reminiscences of him. Therefore, I am writing here what I wrote for others at the time when the great sorrow had just fallen upon me.

“Only the reader of these lines who has stood in the solemn gloom of some great bereavement

can begin to fathom the depth of human grief through which the editor of this paper is moving. Voices as sweet as the lutes of heaven are speaking in this hour of sorrow and O, how cheering the hopes kindled by Him who is saying to me, as He did to Martha, 'Thy brother shall rise again.' Without these, how hopeless and starless would be the night that has fallen about me! Perhaps these voices and hopes should at once turn darksome night into unclouded day; but they do not. Perhaps my faith is not entirely triumphant, for I do not rise above the gloom of the thought that long days—maybe years—must come and go before the coming of the glad morning that shall reunite two lives that had long been interwoven as one.

“Born within two years of each other in the same Christian family, set apart by godly parents for the same ministry in life, playmates together through childhood, walking together in uninterrupted loving companionship through early manhood, in constant warm and sympathetic touch with each other during a varied ministry of a third of a century, deeming it a chief joy to often spend our vacations together, happy together in each other's homes and in the intimacies of the families that grew up about us,

keyed to each other as even brothers seldom are, hoping to spend the closing years of a long life near to each other in the quiet retirement of pleasant homes—is it any wonder that the sudden vanishing of one into the mystery of death leaves the other in unutterable loneliness? Is it any marvel that I sit here, though it is Easter morning, trying to look through blinding tears into the veiled mysteries of the tomb and the life beyond? It seems to me that this pen can never again take up its work on these pages; but I know it must—aye, it must render a diviner service for the chastening of this hour. Nor must I for a moment forget that there are others that sit to-day in the deep shadows of this sorrow, especially another beloved brother who is in the ministry, and two sisters; but above all others the faithful, noble wife and the devoted children.

“But I must pay a more formal tribute to the memory of the beloved Christian minister whose name is at the head of this article, and whose face appears on the first page this week. He came of the old Kentucky family of Houston on his mother’s side, and of a sturdy Holland Dutch ancestry on his father’s side. He was born at Springfield, Ohio, and there, amid the romantic scenery of Mad River and Buck Creek,

he first learned to love nature, to which his soul was so finely attuned. His health in early life was apparently too frail for the application required by a full college course, though he attended Asbury University; so, with scant college training, but with high ideals, untiring self-culture, sincere piety, and rare native qualities as a preacher and a pastor, he began his ministry among the country charges of northern Indiana; but before his course was ended he had served chief churches in seven Conferences—Michigan, Detroit, East Ohio, Erie, Pittsburgh, Wyoming, and Philadelphia. Poetic, artistic, sympathetic, fervid, eloquent, genial, fun-loving, yet devout, what wonder that his ministry was one of joy to himself and the people whom he served? He was more than a preacher and pastor, for he was a church-builder—instance the three great Elm Park churches at Scranton, two of which were burned during construction and the third of which was completed and dedicated—a champion of educational institutions, an exponent of great reforms, an instructor on the platforms of summer assemblies, a church dedicator, and a speaker on important occasions. As a single evidence of the esteem in which he was held by

his ministerial brethren he was elected to General Conference as the leader of the delegation when his consent was only reluctantly given and when he was a transfer serving his first church in the Conference.

"Somewhat worn down and out of health, a year ago he retired from the pastorate of the Park Avenue Church, Philadelphia, and sought recuperation at his beautiful country seat at Cazenovia, New York. Life there gave him health and delight; but to escape the rigor of the Northern winter he came with his wife to Washington, in December last, remaining till March, 1905, when they went to Aiken, the well-known health resort in South Carolina.

"But the end of a life beautiful was near at hand. After nearly two months of rare enjoyment beneath the sunny skies of the South, he was suddenly taken alarmingly ill, and in a few days, although all that human skill and love and prayer could do was done, there, among the magnolias and spice trees and flowers he loved so well, on Wednesday of Passion Week, with wife and son and daughter and brother bowed in grief at his bedside, this blessed servant of God, after beautiful patience in his sufferings and joyful hope in Christ, passed into the life eternal and supernal."

SENATORIAL FISTICUFFS

THE reminiscence that I am now to relate begins with a social function in the fine old city of Baltimore and ends with a fisticuff in the United States Senate Chamber at Washington, D. C. And this is the way it all came about.

It was February 22, 1902—therefore, Washington's birthday. I had been called to the aforesaid social and family affair at Baltimore and had performed there my duties with as much dignity and grace as could be expected of a man of my size, figure, and limited acquirements. The next day, intent upon diversions, seeing the splendors of Washington life, and the bout at the Capitol, I proceeded to Washington.

It was to be a great day in the Senate. The strife between distinguished political leaders was on. Senator Benjamin R. Tillman was to speak, and the galleries were crowded. Not a seat seemed to be had. I was anxious to hear, as I had done before, this tempestuous South Carolinian. As I stood, with the anxious crowd, outside of one of the gallery doors, I could hear the sound of Senator Tillman's voice already

speaking. That morning, I had shifted my Grand Army button from my lapel to my vest pocket. This I had done out of respect for the family of lovely Southern people with whom I was then an invited guest. When I noticed that the doorkeeper nearest me wore a G. A. R. button, I quickly slipped my button back into my lapel and crowded close to this doorkeeper. He caught sight of my button and soon I was in the gallery, where I saw and heard the Senator with perfect ease and comfort.

As I settled to my good seat I saw that the distinguished speaker had pushed well into the aisle in front of the Republican Senators and was delivering to them this vehement invective: "In social life you are delightful gentlemen, but politically you are scoundrels and rascals." Evidently, he had already stirred this great crowd into a ferment. Finally, in charging political dishonesty and corruption upon the Republicans, he went a step further to declare that some of his own party had gone over to the enemy. At that, Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, cried, "Name the man!" Tillman promptly replied, "My own colleague." That was a fire-brand that set the tinder aflame. The sensation was at once felt through the Senate chamber and

all the galleries. But the Senator spoke on for half an hour. While he was yet speaking, Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, Tillman's colleague, who had been at a committee meeting, came in and took his seat. With that a suppressed feeling of danger spread through the vast audience. No little shifting about on the floor was noticeable. I noted that the president of the Senate had called the sergeant at arms to his desk and seemed to be consulting him.

When Senator Tillman finished his speech and took his seat, which was in the same row with that of his colleague, Senator McLaurin calmly arose, addressed the President of the Senate, explained that he was attending a committee meeting while his colleague was speaking, and that notes had been laid on his desk giving what his colleague had in his absence said about him. He then read from these notes the words that Senator Tillman had used, and lifting his voice, he said: "I pronounce that a malicious and outrageous lie."

I was watching Senator Tillman's face and saw it flash in anger and instantly he clinched his fists and sprang for McLaurin. The aged Senator Teller, who sat in the same row between the men, was tumbled over in the rush.

McLaurin stood with ready fists and both men met in savage blows. For a moment the audience seemed spellbound, but before either man could strike again the sergeant at arms and several senators had seized the men and dragged them apart. The building was at once in an uproar. Members from all parts of the chamber were yelling, "Mr. President! Mr. President! Order! Order!" When semblance of order was obtained, Senator McLaurin again arose and began to speak composedly, saying, "When I was so unceremoniously interrupted," but cries of "Order, Order!" stopped him, when Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, chairman of the Committee on Rules, gained the floor and promised an investigation of the fisticuff, the first of the kind in the history of the Senate.

The charge that Tillman had made against his colleague was that he (McLaurin) had basely taken the patronage of the State from the Republicans. The aftermath of this encounter was, in many ways, most sad. President Roosevelt withdrew the invitation he had given Senator Tillman to a certain reception, and this so embroiled the political leaders of South Carolina that at least one of them lost his life in a personal encounter.

A STORM ON GALILEE

IT had been one of the dreams of my life that some day I might look upon the Sea of Galilee, walk along its sacred shores, ride over the waters where Jesus so often had gone with his lowly disciples, where he had wrought many of his wonderful miracles of power and love, and where he had taught the world the great lessons of God's infinite love to man. No other body of water on the earth has been so sacred to the life and person of the Saviour as has Galilee. The dream of my boyhood Sunday-school days was now about to come true.

It was one December day in 1886 that I and my dragoman reached the summit of the mountain from which I had my first view of the Sea of Galilee. How disappointed I was! It looked so small. I thought I could ride to its margin in fifteen minutes and throw a stone across it. Had I not seen in my Michigan twenty larger lakes than is this sea? But it took us more than an hour to ride down the mountain and reach it. When I stood where I could see the whole of it, it seemed larger, but I still thought that

with my good Remington I could bring down a deer standing on the opposite shore, where the demon-possessed swine "ran down the hill into the sea."

The city of Tiberias, in which I stayed at a Latin convent, is mentioned thrice in Scripture. It is a dilapidated, poverty-stricken town of six or eight thousand inhabitants who live in poverty and dirt. Since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus it has been an important Jewish center. For a long time there has been a rabbinical school there. The Sanhedrin met there from the second century onward, and the Jews expect that their Messiah will rise out of the Sea of Galilee and establish his kingdom in Tiberias.

Now, the Sea of Galilee is really seven miles broad and thirteen long. There was an English clergyman staying at the convent with whom I planned for a sail on the Sea, and the boat we took seemed to be the only boat to be had. We took with us eight Arabic rowers and a guide who was to provide lunch and tell us everything. Our purpose was to visit the ruins which mark the supposed site of the ancient Capernaum and Bethsaida, and the point where the Jordan enters the Sea. These are localities diagonally across the north end of the lake from Tiberias.

I was astonished when told that it would take most of the day to go and return, unless the wind should be very favorable.

We had been in our course for nearly two hours when we were surprised by a storm that came down furiously upon us and threw our crew into alarm and dire confusion. Every man of them seemed to be all at once giving commands in the most excited Arabic I ever heard, and were wildly gesticulating. The wind was instantly billowing the water beyond what seemed possible a few minutes before, and the rain was coming down in torrents, and yet it did not seem to me that the situation was dangerous. I had been used to the breakers of Lake Michigan, and felt that if the boat should ever swamp I could even swim to the shore. The scene was grand, and from the first moment I thought of the time when Jesus rebuked the storm on that very sea. Chancing to look behind from my seat in the middle of the boat, I saw that my reverend friend was joining in the jargon and telling the men to do what, with all their power, they were trying to do—make for the nearest shore. In fifteen or twenty minutes the fury of the storm was over. It seemed impossible that such a storm could have been

abroad so recently. But the men continued to pull for the shore. Nothing could induce them to resume the trip, so fearful were they of being caught in a storm or out at night. So, landing and taking our dinner in a cave in the rocks on the western shore, we returned to Tiberias greatly disappointed that we were not to visit the places that seemed so near and are so precious in New Testament history.

It is an interesting fact, at least to me, that the place where the storm overtook us, so far as we can tell, is the very part of the Sea in which the tempest-rocked disciples called upon the sleeping Jesus to save them. "Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm."

A POSTWORD—LOVE DREAMS AMONG THE EIGHTIES

YES, there are love dreams among men and among them in their eighties, and why not? Love is the same divine thing in all ages, among all beings, and in all hearts; but romantic love, beautiful as it is, is a mundane affair and must change when human life ends and we rise into the eternal and the supernal, for God is Love.

The special case I have in mind dips deeply into reminiscence. The two old men of whom I write are still living (1922) and are in a green old age, as the story unfolded will show.

Carlton C. Wilbor, D.D., formerly registrar of Syracuse University, and long a member of the Central New York Conference (Methodist Episcopal Church), and the writer became conscious of each other's mortal existence about fifty years ago, but these dreams took definite shape, as dreams sometimes do, in 1921. We had spent three winters together as chums, for we had become retired ministers (although we didn't retire worth a cent). This particular

winter was spent in the midst of all the charm of life on the coast of Florida at Daytona Beach.

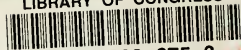
One morning my chum came into my room and explained that he had begun the drawings of a cute little house, doing this for pastime and also for the pleasure of doing that kind of work. Dr. Wilbor, an architect of no little skill and note, called the plan his "Dream House," and I noted how he became absorbed in his dream. Every day or two he reverted to his dream; made additions to the plans, thus perfecting his work. Soon he began to talk about a lovely spot where such a house would be ideal, a romantic spot where he lived much of his boyhood days, and where many of his friends still remain. When Mrs. Wilbor departed from this life she left her husband bereft and sorrowed indeed. Their refined and cultivated home was soon sold, leaving him homeless save as he had a home with his two married sons. But at last the Dream House became a reality, as a thing of beauty and convenience, and within its pristine charm he hopes to abide until the reunion with her whom he has long lost.

While the dream cottage of my chum was slowly taking a visible shape, by a strange and unexpected similarity of processes a "Dream

Book" was materializing before our eyes. When I was sent to Clifton Springs Sanitarium, a disabled and badly afflicted man, I began to write "stuff," as printers call it, as about the only way to keep awake, which was necessary because of my peculiar ailment. None would have thought that out of these weary hours there would grow this veritable book of ink and type and thought.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 392 075 3